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JAMES HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Gallipolis for a week past, has assumed quite a military appearance. With gunboats moving on the river in front, and fortifications bristling with cannon in the rear, lines of pickets extending for miles on all roads into the country, camps of armed men at every point, all business houses closed, and all classes of men under arms, our usually quiet town presents an appearance which would justify us in pronouncing decidedly brisk. Our citizens of both town and country, have turned out nobly in defence of their homes. Although in the midst of harvest and the most busy season of the year, the farmers of old Gallia have, like true patriots, responded to the call of the Governor, and without a murmur worth heeding, left their homes and families to take their places in the ranks, and stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of our common country. With a horde of thieving vagabonds, composed of the very scum and lice of the Southern Confederacy hovering on our border, and actually passing through a portion of our county, it might be supposed their first duty would be to look after their families and property. But regardless of consequences to themselves personally, our county militia, leaving all such considerations behind, flocked to the place of rendezvous, and exchanging the quiet monotony of a farmer's life for the excitement as well as privations of that of the soldier, have for days past remained in or near our town under strict military discipline, without the least sign of discontent or insubordination. Not only so, but near Pomeroy, in the adjoining county of Meigs, on Saturday last, we found some companies of Gallia county militia actually skirmishing with a detachment of Morgan's guerrillas, who were attempting to enter that town. It was they meeting the foe in an old country, from which the militia had been unwisely taken by order of the Governor, and placed in camp at Marietta.

All honor to the militia of Gallia county. Had those of other places done half so well, John Morgan would never have inflicted the serious injury he has upon our State, to say nothing of the disgrace heaped upon us in thus suffering a band of robbers to pass at will throughout the Southern portion of it. Farmers of old Gallia, you, at least, have done your duty.

The great State of Ohio, from her first settlement to the day in which John Morgan elevated her limits, has occupied an elevated rank in the history of the nation. Since the commencement of this war, her brave soldiers have formed part of all our principal armies, and taken an active part in every important engagement from Bull Run to the latest battle on record. She has contributed to the army some of its most able generals. Of her abundant wealth she has given profusely. The blood of her choicest men, enriches the soil of every Southern State. She has furnished to the administration the most able financier the world has ever seen.

For the first time in her history her fair fame has been sullied. The rebel horse-thief, John Morgan, has for ten days past been leisurely travelling in a fine buggy, drawn by a magnificent pair of horses (all stolen, of course,) through the State, passing almost in sight of her principal city, through several large towns, and a thickly settled country, over public highways in open day, surrounded with a gang of 4000 horse-thieves, burglars, murderers, and all the abominable off-scouring of the Confederacy, plundering, ravaging, killing, without restraint or mercy, and thus far, his progress, assuming rather the character of a triumphant conqueror, through a domain he has made his own by conquest, than a hurried march of an invading lawless foe.

That this boasting braggart should thus lord it over the soil and rights of freemen, and escape absolute extermination, would be a deep and damning disgrace to our State. Up to the hour of writing, the rebel horde yet pollute the soil of Ohio. Circumstances strongly indicate the conclusion of their career. Yet the wily robber has so often eluded the vigilance of our forces, and proven so fleet, that until we hear of his scalp being taken and the dispersion of his forces, we shall deem him fully able to go where he pleases.

Horse-thief Morgan seems to pay very little regard to the rights of his Copperhead friends. An old Copperhead named Est Judd, of Danville, Meigs county, on the entry of Morgan into that place on Saturday last, fired two shots from his door way, not at, but over and in honor of Gen. Morgan, shouting him welcome to Ohio. In return for this manifestation on part of Judd, of his respect for the guerrilla chief, the rebels examined Judd's stables, wherein they found carefully locked up two fine horses, both of which they honorably relieved Judd of, without payment of a dime. This, though good for Morgan, was bad for Judd. Served him right. We are for giving the devil his due, and against the many crimes of Morgan, we are willing to credit this favor shown Judd, or any others of similar character which he may see fit to bestow upon his "constitutional friends," the Copperheads of Ohio.

On Wednesday last, rumors reached us that the prince of horse-thieves, John Morgan, designed making his grand entry into Gallipolis during the week. Wednesday night he reached Jackson, and after quietly surrounding the town, awoke the citizens to a knowledge of his arrival on time. After resting in the bosom of his friends who compose a large proportion of the population of that "ancient capital," and collecting their contributions, about 12 M. on Thursday, John took a bee-line for Gallipolis. At the same hour Gen. Judah, who has followed in John's wake for weeks past, started from Portland, on the Hocking Valley railroad for the same point. A small village, Centerville, lies at the junction of the two roads, 16 miles distant from Gallipolis. Both parties endeavored to make this point first. Judah, having the shortest line, gained the point, and drew up his forces of 2300 cavalry and 13 pieces of artillery in battle array, waiting patiently for the arrival of the enemy. But John being only around in the stealing line, and no relish for a fight, turned off toward Vinton, where he encamped for the night. The next morning after burning the bridge at Vinton, he took up his line of march for Pomeroy, but failed to come to time. Gen. Judah leaving Centerville about the same time, reached Pomeroy at 6 P. M. of the same day. Morgan halted at Chester, six miles from Pomeroy, leaving the relative distance between the armies the same as the day previous, the day's travel by each army being about 35 miles. At the same time Gen. Hobson with 6000 cavalry and two batteries, arrived at Rutland, a small town about 6 miles from Chester. Gen. Scammon with the 13th Virginia, 23d and 91st Ohio, from the Kanawha, also got in Morgan's advance, whilst 3 gun boats lay out from shore ready to play their part in annihilating this gang of Confederate thieves, who seem at last likely to reap the reward of their deeds.

Joseph Strickland, late chief of the Fire Department at Dayton, was arrested at Indianapolis on Tuesday last, on the charge of setting fire to the Journal office in Dayton. When arrested he took the matter very hard, confessed his guilt, and wept bitterly. He was sent under guard to Dayton, and handed over to the proper authorities.

A great many folks in Jackson county refused to believe that Morgan was in the State of Ohio at all. He very politely paid his respects to these unbelievers, and removed their incredulity by relieving them of their property. They were usually of the Butternut class who declined to organize in the militia, and opposed to war. Wonder how they like John's style of war? Very taking is it not?

Gen. Jenkins has at last been captured and is now a prisoner in the hands of the Federal troops. This is sad news to the copperhead she-rebels of this section, who are his greatest admirers. However, they think less of the General than they do of his privates.

The Fort Wayne Gazette says an unsophisticated butternut of one of the back townships, says that the cause of the opposition of the copperheads to the enrollment of the militia, preparatory to a draft, is from the fact that "every Democrat who goes into the army and lives to get home, is sure to come back an Abolitionist."

MINING THE REBEL WORKS AT VICKSBURG.

A Vicksburg correspondent of the Cleveland Herald gives the following interesting description of the operations of General Grant against Vicksburg:

"Let us climb the parapet and see the siege by moonlight. In front of us, beyond the enemy's works, but hidden from us, lies the city of Vicksburg. Look carefully and you can distinguish the court house, and the spires of two or three churches. The rebels had a signal station on the former when we came, but our shells made it too warm for them, and they withdrew. The spires are playing to-night, and the moon is well worth seeing. We watch a moment, and in the direction of Young's Point, beyond the city, suddenly appear a flash of light, and in a moment the ponderous shell, with its fuse glowing and sparkling, rises slowly from behind the bluff; up, it comes toward us, down through its flight trajectory into the city, and explodes with a shock that jars the ground for miles. There are women and tender children where those shells fall, but war is war."

Sherman's eight-inch monsters are grumbling far away on the right. Nearer, McPherson's too are playing—we can even see the cannoneers beside them at each flash. Ours will open at midnight; then there will be music to our hearts' content. Meanwhile, let us go to the front. A hundred yards to the right of where we now are we enter a deep trench. Following this, as it winds down around the hill, we reach the opening of a cave or mine. The air within is damp and close, like that of a vault. Candles are burning dimly at intervals, and we hear a hum of voices far within and out of sight. We proceed, and presently meet two men carrying a barrow of earth, for our boys are at work night and day. This is the main approach on this part of the line. Finally we reach the moonlight again, and emerge into a wide, deep trench, cut across the line of the covered way. This is open and filled with troops, who protect the working party. A heavy parapet of cotton bales and earth is built on the side towards the enemy, and we must mount the berms to look over.

We are now within considerable distance of the shrapnel. Those men lying on the ground, twenty or thirty yards from us, are our boys, our advance pickets; but that gray fellow, with the bright musket which glitters so, a few steps beyond, is a "reb," long haired and hot blooded, one of Wall's famous Texas Legion—a bull-dog to fight, you may be sure.

Now jump down and enter the mouth of the other mine, which leads forward toward the salient of the enemy's work. Stumbling along we reach the end where the men are digging. The candle burns very dimly—the air is almost stifling. Never mind, let us watch them. See that slender, bright looking fellow swinging that pick. Great beaded drops of perspiration trickle down his face; there is not a dry thread in his coarse gray shirt, nor matter; the pick swings, and each stroke slices down six inches of the tough subsoil of Mississippi. That fellow was "Jim," once a tender-hearted, smooth-faced, nice young man, whose lively stable, billiard and cigar bills were a sore trial to his worthy governor. Jim says that he used to wear gloves and "store clothes," but that girls called him good looking, but that's played out now; he is going for Uncle Sam.

But we return to the fresh air, towards the turret, where we saw the rebel picket. Do you see the little gray mounds which cover the hillside so thickly—ten, twenty, thirty, you can count on a few square rods. Ah, my friend, that is sacred ground you are looking upon. There our gallant boys charged; there they were slain in heaps but they pressed on and leaped into the ditch. They climbed the parapet and rolled back into eternity. Others followed them; their flag was planted, and they sprang over to meet their certain death. An hour passed, and one returned. The rest were dead."

THE DRAFT IN PITTSBURGH, PA.—The first day of the draft in Pittsburgh was on Wednesday. The Enrollment Commissioner, while busily engaged drafting others was himself so fortunate as to "draw a prize." One of the clerks was also drafted, as was the ex-Provost Marshal. One man who had been enrolled in two wards was drafted in both. In some instances two young men were drawn from the same family. This was the case with a tailor, and James Hamill, champion oarsman, (who is now in the East preparing for a contest with Ward,) and his brother John.

One day last week the waters at Cayuga Lake, New York, were agitated by a succession of flow and ebb tides, which rose to the height of a foot, and as suddenly lowered. The boats in the canal leading from the lake were loosened from their moorings, and large rafts of logs broken up and scattered over the lake. A similar phenomenon took place six years ago. It is a mystery to scientific philosophers.

Army Correspondence.

For the Gallipolis Journal.
CAMP NEAR ELK RIVER, TENN., July 6, 1863.

DEAR HARPER: By examining a map of this State, finding the village Manchester, then take the road leading to Winchester or Decherd, you will cross Elk river, and three miles south of that stream is, as near as I can tell you, where the subscriber now camps. After leaving Manchester, from where I last wrote you, we marched for Tullahoma, encountering the enemy's outposts about six miles out, and after driving them a mile with no loss of our men, we reached the strongest position at Tullahoma, where Bragg was fortified, and as we supposed, waiting for us, intending to "welcome us with bloody hands to hospitable graves." That night, June 28th, we could hear the whistle of the locomotive, indicating that the road had an unusual amount of extra business on hand, and were running several extra trains "up on time." Gen. Rosecrans was evidently working his plans for the capture and annihilation of Bragg's entire army. In fact I was assured by a citizen of Alabama that Tullahoma was a giant mine-trap, and hinted strongly that our patience would be rewarded in due time by an exhibition of the "bagging" process on a gigantic scale, all hands sharing in the glory.

On June 30th, the 89th and 92d O. V. I., of Gen. Crook's command, under command of Col. Fearing of the 92d, made a reconnaissance on the Tullahoma road, which leaves the Manchester and Winchester road abruptly to the right to within 24 miles of T., encountering the enemy's pickets from the outset. Finding the enemy strongly posted on the road and in the woods, Col. Fearing returned without the loss of a man. In the meantime, a Chattanooga Rebel of the 28th was brought into camp, which informed us that heavy reinforcements were passing up for Bragg, and that we would get thrashing that would bring us to sorrow, and tickle amazingly our "poor erring Southern brethren." We rested contentedly that day, believing that "Bragg was a good deal" and knowing that "Hold-fast was a better one," feeling assured that when all hands were up and this large force massed—shouldn't I say—Gen. Bragg and his army, after a severe and desperate battle. The men were in prime condition, with buoyant hearts and eager for the fray.

On the 2d, word came that Tullahoma was evacuated; Bragg gone—skedaddled, and all we had to do was to march in and possess this rebel stronghold, which we accordingly "went and did," reaching the town at 4 P. M. July 2d, the 2d Brigade of this Division (Reynolds) being the first to enter. The rebels evidently left in a hurry, as they left hundreds of wall tents standing, and neglected to burn a warehouse of commissary stores. Quite a large amount of camp and garrison equipage, small arms, three 64 pounder rifled siege guns, (one spiked with a three cornered file,) ammunition, 12 sacks corn meal, about 200 bushels of beans, and smaller articles in larger proportions, fell into our hands. Tullahoma was well fortified and could have withstood a good siege, but as my Alabama citizen said, it was a man-trap, and could have been surrounded if Bragg had only waited long enough to enable us to do it. On all the approaches to the town extensive earthworks had been thrown up, and all the trees within a half or three-quarters of a mile had been cut down, the branches pointing outwards, rendering it an almost impenetrable brush pile. Bearing on all these points were placed heavy guns commanding every road and field. On the north-west side of the town, just on the outer edge or suburbs, was a large bastion fort, which was one of the most complete forts I have yet seen. It was about 10 feet high and fully as thick at the base, and from 200 to 225 feet square; made to mount twelve 64 pounder siege guns, bearing on every point of the compass. Under-ground store-houses and magazines were built, proof against shot or shell, and a well capable of furnishing water for a large garrison, in the centre. Encircling this fort is a ditch 12 feet wide, about 10 feet deep, and nearly half filled with water; whether designed so or caused by the late heavy rains, I am unable to say. To protect the entrance was a large stockade built of upright "saw-logs," and filled with dirt. A draw bridge was thrown across the ditch which could be withdrawn at pleasure. It was in this fort that the siege guns mentioned above were found. The cartridges had been burned, and at the time I was in the fort the guns were so hot as to preclude the possibility of ones holding their hands on them more than half a minute. Corn meal was scattered along all the roads leading out of Tullahoma, and bread trampled in the ground. Meat, the quantity I had no means of judging, had all been burned. Officers and medical chests were left behind. Everything was confusion and bokened—a hasty and precipitate exit. No doubt Gen. Bragg could have maintained his position at Tullahoma for some time, and at considerable sacrifice of life on our side, but he would have finally had to yield with possibly

the loss of his entire army. What would not have been killed, wounded or taken prisoners, would have been scattered through the woods and swamps without arms or stores. Bragg evidently knew this better than we did, and deeming "discretion the better part of valor," left between two days for Chattanooga.

The army remained in Tullahoma but one night, leaving at 4 A. M. the 2d in hot pursuit of the enemy. Gen's Negley and Sheridan have been trending on his heels ever since. But such roads! They are enough to discourage any General. Not a single day has passed since this army left Murfreesboro but what it has rained more or less. The mud is deep and the streams high. Of course the enemy are leaving no bridges behind them, and this, also, impedes our progress and tries the patience of officers and men. Yet with all these and minor disadvantages and obstacles, the army is in splendid condition and fine spirits. They would have preferred to have fought Bragg at Tullahoma, feeling that a victory there would have been more decisive and complete, but as he refused to meet them there they are willing to follow and fight him on ground of his own choosing. Bragg is probably aiming for Chattanooga. The map will show you where we are.

This part of Tennessee, south of Manchester, is a low, flat, swampy country with but few evidences of cultivation. Large ponds are to be found almost every mile, the water in them being clear and cool. In the valley lying along either bank of Elk river, we find a much better country and nearly all under cultivation. The finest springs of water I ever saw are to be found along the banks of this river—freestone water, very clear and very cold. The water boils up out of the ground in such quantities that I have seen one single spring that would furnish water enough for this large army.

I shall aim from time to time to keep you posted as to our whereabouts. The chances for writing letters on a march like this are rare indeed, except to the genus correspondent by profession, who comes prepared and can write a letter in a fence corner or on a stump, fully as well as at the table editorial. Nearly all the letters written by professional correspondents for our city dailies, are written in this way while the column is halting for a rest. It is no secure position I assure you. I had not before, the remotest idea of the labor devolving upon the army correspondents during an active campaign, more especially if he aim to make his letters reliable, and filled with facts instead of mere idle speculation. When you will hear from me again is more than I am able to say now. If anything I may write may have become stale and uninteresting owing to its age, you will please expunge. In these days of telegrams, letters are of but little account to a metropolitan journal like the Thunderer.

"Boys" are all well. No casualties among Gallia boys as far as I can ascertain. When it is not raining the "sunny South" is a huge baw oven. What has become of "Fighting Joe"? The army of the Potomac will soon become as famous for Generals, as Kansas was for Governors. Yours, B.

Correspondence of the Louisville Journal.
MORGAN'S ATROCITIES AT LEBANON.
LEBANON, July 11, 1863.

The more we hear of the outrages committed by that arch-fiend Morgan, and his thievish, murdering gang at Lebanon, the more we are convinced of the fact that when men are seized with the madness of secession every feeling of justice, mercy, and charity is absorbed by a spirit fit only to accute devils in hell. War is bad enough at best, but when carried on as Morgan carries it on, murder, arson, rapine, assassination, and general desolation are its consequences. He is not satisfied with carrying on an honorable warfare. Private citizens, because they dare to love the Government that protects them and has ever protected them, because they choose to go against the rebellion at the ballot-box, and because they have sent their sons and brothers into the army to battle for liberty, are hunted down by him, are shot down in cold blood, and die as they become aware that their families are turned without a defender upon the cold charities of the world. Soldiers when sick are robbed and murdered by him. Private property is wantonly destroyed, stores robbed, horses stolen, and the torch applied to the public records of the counties which he visits. And yet, men among us claiming to be civilized have the impudent effrontery to talk about Morgan's carrying on an honorable war.

Facts prove beyond a doubt that every house that was destroyed in Lebanon, with one or two exceptions, was deliberately fired, and that too by scoundrels who left Lebanon to join the Confederacy. Dr. Cleaver, a dirty and foul-mouthed, unprincipled dog, set fire to the county and circuit clerk's office, destroying every vestige of a county and circuit record; and this was done, since the 1st of September, 1862, amounts to \$4,538,400. One house alone contracted to the amount of \$1,610,000.

Although Mr. Braddock is a warm Union man, he attends to his calling and is never seen on the street talking politics. He has a son in the Southern army. The same may be said of Drs. Spalding and Maxwell, Judge Noble, and Mr. Beeler; they are among the best citizens of Marion county, all warm Union men. The destruction of the county jail was another outrage. They first set fire to every Union man's house in Lebanon that could be burned without destroying the houses of rebels. Fortunately, the arrival of some Federal cavalry drove out the scoundrels and saved several fine houses.

One man went with a torch to the house of Mr. W. Milburn, but when he was about to apply it Mr. M. came out with two pistols and threatened to blow his brains out if he did not leave. Of course the chivalry skedaddled. They set fire to the store of D. W. Phillips once or twice. Fortunately for the town the fire was put out. The store is so centrally situated, that, had it burned, the whole business portion of the town must have been destroyed. They burned the house of Mrs. Abell, all that she possessed, it seems accidentally, or, rather they thought that they were burning the house of Mrs. Corley. Mrs. A. is said to have called Federal soldiers "Yankees." We mean by this that she is said to have had a slight sympathy with the rebellion. Morgan, it is reported, apologized for burning her house. We hope that he did; and yet apologies will not give her a house. They gutted the stores of all Union merchants. It is thought that the loss of D. W. Phillips will reach \$8,000.

When Morgan arrived at Springfield, three of his soldiers went to the house of one of the most prominent men of Washington county and attempted to violate the person of the lady's mulatto servant, aged about fourteen years. The girl rushed to her mistress and tried to hide behind her. The scoundrels followed her up and pulled her from her mistress, forcibly carried her into the yard, and, although the master and mistress begged for the girl, carried out their brutal purpose.

Gen. Morgan sent his Adjutant General to Lebanon, demanding its surrender. Lieut. Hammer, of the 16th Ky., commanded our advance. The bearer of the flag of truce attempted to come to the Lieutenant with his full escort of fifty men. He was ordered to halt, advance by himself, or he would be fired on. This was done. The Lieutenant sent a messenger to Col. Hanson with the demand for the surrender of the place. No sooner had the flag of truce been received than Morgan began to shell the town. Lieut. Hammer immediately arrested and disarmed the bearer of the flag of truce. Morgan sent another flag apologizing for shelling the town saying that it was done against his will. Col. Hanson ordered the release of Alston.

The prisoners were brutally treated. One of Morgan's brothers attempted to shoot Capt. Parish of the 20th Kentucky, after he was disarmed. Another man cursed Hanson, and put a pistol to his head, threatening to shoot him. Other officers were kicked and cuffed by Confederate officers, after they were disarmed. Col. Gribby raved like a madman, and said to an officer, "Had you held out five minutes longer we would have shown you no quarter." Two men were deliberately killed for falling down from sheer exhaustion, between Lebanon and Springfield. The whole body of prisoners were pushed at a double quick from Lebanon to Springfield, a distance of eight miles. We hope that these things will be examined into, and a sure and just retribution immediately awarded.

It is said the rebel citizens fired on our troops from their houses. When the 20th Kentucky returned to Lebanon they were so enraged that they came near demolishing several houses, among them the house of R. C. Harris, from which they said they were first fired on. Harris has been boarding Federal officers at his hotel some time. As these same officers and privates went through Lebanon at double-quick, under guard, the wife of this man rushed out and exclaimed, "Oh! ain't that good!" For this offense she had to feed 75 paroled soldiers during their stay in Lebanon. R. M. Spalding was compelled to feed a goodly number, for some offence not known to our informant. We demand that this thing be looked into, and if citizens did fire on our soldiers, hang them as we would sheep-killing dogs! Some of Morgan's men have wives in Kentucky. Send them to Dixie immediately. Favors must not be shown to rebels hereafter. Let Lebanon be watched—sifted; it is a dangerous den.

LEBANON.

The Marquis of Hastings, one of the noblest of the English peers, has been fined twenty-five dollars for fighting game cocks on Sunday. We suppose his ancestors came over with the Conqueror and fought at Hastings.

The value of clothing contracts taken for the army by persons in Cincinnati, since the 1st of September, 1862, amounts to \$4,538,400. One house alone contracted to the amount of \$1,610,000.

ROMAN LADIES.—A writer upon this subject remarks:

The women of Rome know nothing of those restraints which delicacy, modesty, and virtue impose upon the sex in Northern Europe. A Roman lady who takes a liking to a foreigner, does not cast her eyes down when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him long and with evident pleasure; she gazes at him alone whenever she meets him in company, at church, at the theatre, or in her walks. She will say without ceremony to a friend of the young man's, "Tell that gentleman I like him."

If the man of her choice feels the like sentiment, and asks, "Are you fond of me?" she replies, with the utmost frankness, "Yes, dear." The happy medium between American and Roman courtship appears to us the best. We hate coyness, but do not like too much familiarity. We have heard an anxious lover, whose character, well pleased with witnessing the evidence of her power, was bent upon keeping him upon the rack of uncertainty as to the extent of her affection for him, say, that to him this Roman frankness would be enchanting—he would have anything rather than the coyness that is second nature to American belles. "Ask any sensible man who had a taste of it," he concluded, "and see if he does not agree with me. Ladies spoil their lovers by tantalizing them."

NATURE'S CHANGER.—Every seven years, we are told, the human body is renewed; every particle of which it was composed at the beginning of that period will have disappeared before the end of it, and fresh matter will have been drawn from the earth, air, and water, to supply the void. So with the sea; it is continually ascending in rain. The earth itself is subject to the same conditions, is constantly decaying, and must constantly be repaired. Like the pelican of the classic legend, it has to feed its offspring with its own body—vegetation of all kinds is perpetually preying on its vitals, and robbing it of its most essential essences. But when vegetation takes its natural course, it returns to the soil in its decay, as much as it withdrew when it sprang into existence, and thus a new crop is able to find sustenance in the ashes of the old ones.

TENDER OF THE "OLIVE BRANCH."—The Harrisburg Union, organ of the "Democracy" of the capital of Pennsylvania in publishing the news of Meade's victory, "proposes that the 'olive branch' should now be held out to the Southern people.

In other words while the thunder of rebel cannon is still reverberating along the Pennsylvania valleys, and hundreds and thousands of our scarred and mangled heroes, smitten down in defending Pennsylvania soil and the life of the nation are coming up in ghastly columns from the bloody field, "Democracy," overlooking all their noble service and careless of the dangers they have averted, deliberately proposes that the nation shall offer a truce, arresting our victorious army to its pursuit of the flying foe to enable him to consider propositions of peace which crippled as he is, he would be sure to reject with scorn!

A DISAPPOINTED TRAVELER.—Col. Ludlow says that Alexander H. Stephens, when he came down the James River the other day, had with him baggage enough "for a stay of six months." Perhaps Little Alex. wanted to clope.

NOT FAR OUT OF THE WAY.—Minnie was one day talking to her little class about God's great love to man. "Wishing to impress it into their minds, and to know whether they understood her, she asked:

"Now children, who loves all men?" The question was hardly asked before a little girl, not four years old, answered quickly:

"All women!"

"Why, dear me, Mr. Longshallow," said a good lady, "how can you drink a quart of that hard cider at a single draught?" As soon as the man could breathe again, he replied: "I beg pardon, madam, but upon my soul, it was so hard I couldn't bite it off."

"What are you driving at now?" asked Jack of a friend, the other day, when he met. "Well, I have just completed a hard four years' job," said he. "What is that?" "Why, I got married yesterday. I've worked hard for it four years, Jack."

"Come, Bob, get up," said an indulgent father to his hopeful son, the other morning; "remember, the early bird catches the worm." "What do I care for worms?" replied the young hopeful; "mother won't let me go a fishing."

A Vicksburg letter says that a man living near Snyder's Bluff, who was lately estimated to be worth six millions of dollars before the war broke out, and who lavishly used his princely fortune in the cause of secession, recently applied by letter to Gen. Washington for subsistence for himself and family. Secession and starvation are nearly synonymous terms.